

**The Evening World.**

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 65 Park Row, New York.  
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.  
J. ANGELO PHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.  
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
The Associated Press is entitled to the use of the name of this newspaper in its publications.  
VOLUME 58.....NO. 20,666

**WISCONSIN.**

**W**ILL the narrow margin of loyalty revealed in its primaries be a shock to the commonwealth of Wisconsin?

Will patriotic voters in that State now rally to the defense of its honor by casting their ballots for the All-American Democratic candidate for United States Senator, thereby administering the more convincing defeat to forces anti-American and anti-administration?

The La Follette man all but won. The Socialist vote was disquietingly large. Between now and the date of the special election April 2, 100 per cent. Americans in Wisconsin ought to do some sober, non-partisan thinking if they want their State to stand safely and clearly on the loyal side of the line.

The German element and the partisan element have pretty nearly put Wisconsin beyond the pale of sound Americanism.

It would be a tragic thing if this State were to fall so low as to become in American affairs little more than an explanation of the presence of a La Follette in the United States Senate.

**NEARING PETROGRAD.**

**D**ESPATCES indicate that German forces have reached a point only 150 miles south of Petrograd and that the occupation of the city is a question of hours.

No more fine talk of Russian resistance!

On the contrary, great disquietude lest Teutonic armies close in on Moscow, and it is suggested that the so-called Russian Government had better be put aboard a train for Saratoff or Nizhni-Novgorod.

In the meantime the Patriarch of the Russian Church at Petrograd has issued a proclamation declaring to the orthodox population that the Church cannot regard as binding a peace which dismembers the country and places it under the domination of a conquering foreign power.

It will be seen the Patriarch is one of the few authorities in Russia still capable of facing things and calling them by their right names. There might have been a patriotic hope in the Russian Church if the Bolsheviks had not outgrown religion.

When German Generals have taken up their quarters in Petrograd and Moscow as well as Odessa, it may dawn more forcibly upon the Allies that the Germans are now fighting in fact a conquering power. It may appear more clearly that the western war front has become, from the German point of view, a protective line to be held—with occasional experimental alarms and excursions—while the extension and consolidation of German conquest in the east goes securely forward.

There is no more iron ring around the Central Powers. There is an entirely new phase of the conflict—one certain to have its special name and volume in the histories.

The war has become—the Allies might as well admit it—a more determined, fiercer war against a winner, whose gains must be offset by the infliction of still heavier and more positive losses.

From the Allies' side it cannot be a war of slow pressure, counting in part upon the progress of economic attrition or political revolt in Germany or Austria-Hungary.

The enemy is now in a state where only aggression on a big scale can stop his recovery and spoil his plans, where only repeated and costly blows can strike him low.

That is why the tramp of German troops in Petrograd should be the signal for a smashing thrust through the German lines in France.

**THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WAR FUND.**

**C**ATHOLICS of this city are to be congratulated on the pace at which they have started off to raise their \$2,500,000 quota toward the \$15,000,000 the Knights of Columbus are after for overseas and training camp work.

In two days' time the New York Catholic War Fund "drove" close to \$1,500,000 worth.

The teams are among the liveliest of any yet organized for collecting war relief money in Greater New York. They have fine results to show, not only from the financial districts, but from the 297 parishes of the archdiocese, several of which have yielded twice and three times the amounts allotted them.

The money the Knights of Columbus collect is spent on service which is free to every man who wears Uncle Sam's uniform, no matter what his creed.

New York Catholics are proving themselves star campaigners for war aid. They are out to roll up that \$2,500,000 in record time and they deserve the kind of help that means a spirited finish.

**Letters From the People**

Please limit communications to 150 words.

**The Alien in Our Midst.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read your editorial "Beginning of a New War," and was very much impressed. I personally know of a young man of Swedish birth who has been in this country ten years and has never become a citizen. In his own country he was poor, but has become very prosperous here. He remarked the other day, in discussing the recent treaty between Great Britain and this country, wherein they have agreed to conscripting subjects, that if he should be conscripted he would appeal to the Swedish Consul. He has often remarked that he would never go back to his own country, as he could not tolerate the life there. I feel that this is unjust to American

boys, and there are no doubt hundreds more of the same sort, who wish to be able to get away from the responsibility of backing up our country, but are permitted to enjoy its prosperity.  
H. C. H.  
**Prayer for the 99th.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I was thrilled and made happy when I read the news in your paper about the gallant 99th in living up to its reputation. I was especially delighted that among the seven men cited by the French Commander for the Croix de Guerre, in recognition of their bravery under fire, appears the name of Abraham Blaustein. It certainly is interesting to hear that a Jewish boy was decorated for bravery in an Irish regiment.  
A. R.

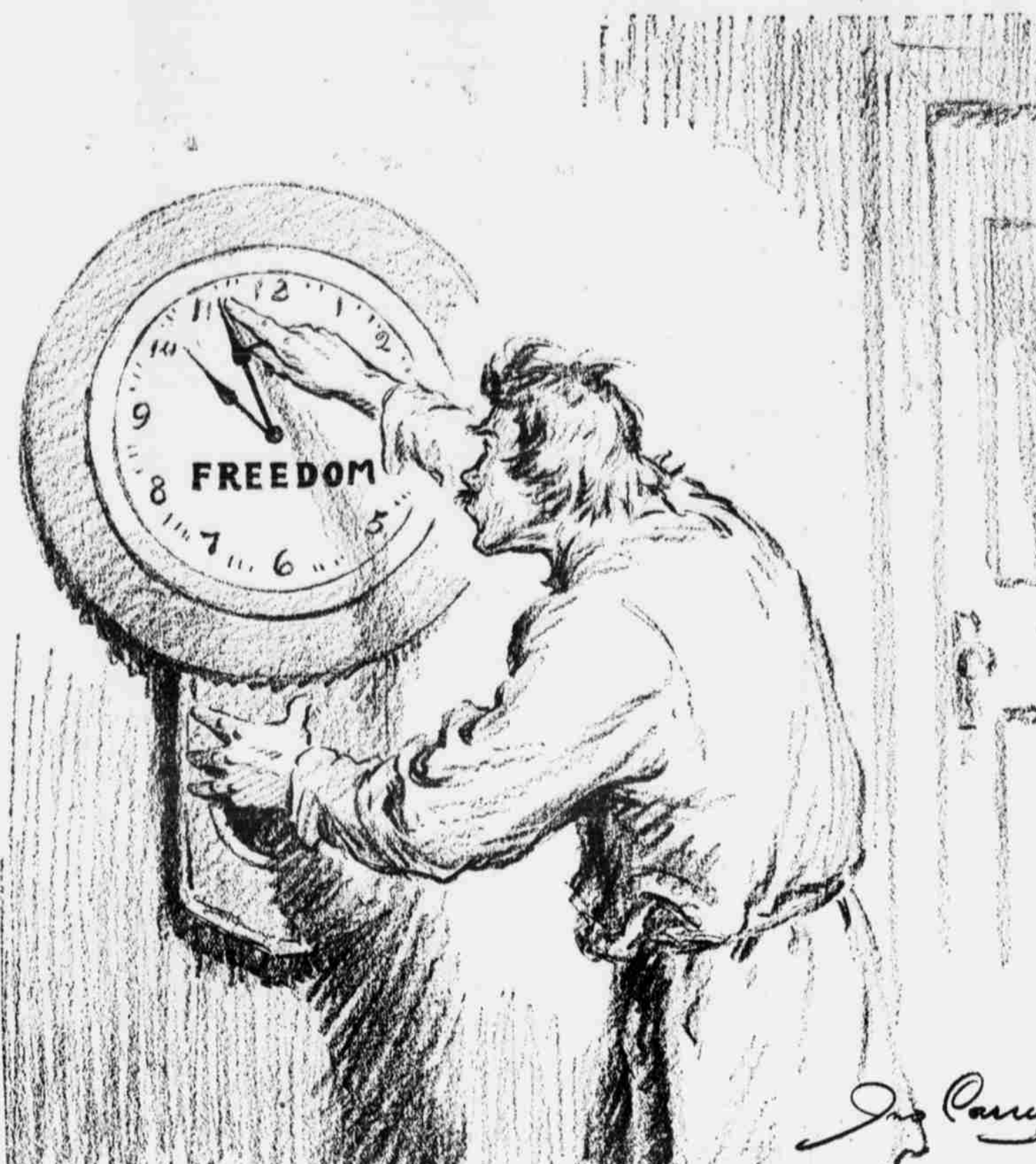
Trouble isn't like opportunity; it doesn't stop to knock; it walks right in.—Albany Journal.

The reformed crook, "a man must have nerves of iron." "And a constitution of steel, I suppose," suggested the sympathetic friend.—Philadelphia Record.

**Setting the Clock BACK!**

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



**Why Children Should Respect Cripples**

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)



Sophie Irene Loeb

**A** FEW days ago I wrote an article, "Do You Stare at Cripples?" Many letters have come from deformed persons—letters that would wring the heart of a stolid over the suffering caused by the stare of curiosity.

One of the letters reads as follows: "I hope the article did a great deal of good to that the offenders read it and took it to heart. It does seem so hard and sometimes useless to try to educate people on this point. It is simply a 'heart' matter, and still I believe a great deal of the curious staring is thoughtlessness."

"While I am not exactly of the cripple class, still I too have suffered unbearably at times in cars, etc., because of a peculiar facial birth mark, and my attempts in trying to draw attention away from myself have been almost identical to those of the case you describe."

"I always have a sigh of relief on getting out of a car with a feeling, 'Well, that's over again.' I suppose one of the hardest things is to put one's self in the other fellow's place. I think it should be part of a child's school training, otherwise so much needless pain is caused just because people don't know how much it hurts."

This sufferer makes a very good suggestion—begin with the children. It would certainly be worth while to start such a propaganda in the public schools. The child, as a natural thing, sympathizes with little deformities and wants to help such unfortunate ones. It becomes accustomed to a crippled schoolmate and does not pay more attention to it than others. But when the children leave their particular precincts and are confronted with an unfamiliar kind of cripple they are prone to stare without any realization of wrongdoing.

An effort should therefore be made

to have the child understand the suffering it causes by staring and it should be urged to respect unfortunate humans. Especially must a sympathetic strain be encouraged in case of junior cripples. How much more they must endure when stared at by children of their own years who are well and strong. To the child the longing to be like others is more keen than in the grownup, and every effort must needs be put forth to help them bear their burdens.

As another cripple, who is bent with rheumatism, writes: "I am growing older, I can bear the rheumatism, I can bear the inconvenience it brings, but I just can't stand being stared at. It's the hardest cross I have to bear. Before I was a cripple myself I always managed to be 'looking the other way' if I passed a poor deformed man or woman, and I cannot understand the rudeness and cruelty of a person who deliberately stares at deformity."

And that is the thing to teach to the children—to divert their attention when a cripple passes. The best way is to tell all the reasons to the child. Children are very sympathetic. If mothers would make the little ones realize how unfortunate are those who have a deformity and cannot hide it, and how badly they feel in being made the object of curiosity, the child would soon understand "to look the other way."

And if everybody would treat the cripples as a matter of course the cripples would regard their misfortune as less of a curse. The plea of the unfortunate—son mentioned should be heard—begin with the children.

**Leather From Fish and Frogs**

**I**N the hunt for new sources of leather strange things are turning up. It has been ascertained that the skin of frogs and toads can be tanned and turned to account for card-cases and other fancy articles. The Government Fisheries Bureau says that the skin of the codfish furnishes an excellent leather, tough as parchment and very durable. The same is true of salmon skin, which the Indians along the Yukon River, in Alaska, have long utilized for clothing. Eel-skins are employed in Europe for binding books, and in Egypt shoe-soles are made from the skins of certain fishes caught in the Red Sea.

**The Jarr Family**

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

**"I**LL be out a little late this evening, my dear," remarked Mr. Jarr. "You know Rangle and I are Four-Minute Men."

"I know you are four-hour men," Mrs. Jarr interrupted to retort. "You and he go out at 8 o'clock in the evening and never get home till after midnight!"

"Now, have some patriotism, my dear," said Mr. Jarr. "It is an athletic benefit, and Mr. Rangle and myself, as Four-Minute Men, must be present."

"It's very odd to me that you and that man Rangle are so important all of a sudden," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "I beg your pardon," remarked Mr. Jarr in an injured tone. "What did you say?"

"I said I didn't believe it," Mrs. Jarr repeated. "And I again say it is true!" said Mr. Jarr firmly. "It is an athletic benefit, and Mr. Rangle and myself, as Four-Minute Men, must be present."

"Everything is odd to you," replied Mr. Jarr. "Yet when you have to go to Red Cross affairs and when you have to be present at benefits, I never say a word."

"Well, I'd be very sorry to misjudge you, of course," remarked Mrs. Jarr, relenting somewhat. "And I am sure I am anxious for you to do everything that is in your power to help win the war. If you are interested in the war, I'm sure I'm glad of it. But I can't see where that man Rangle fits in. How can HE be of any value as a Four-Minute Man? I'm sure that if I had \$5,000.00 to give to any war fund I'd hesitate at

**Women in War**

By Albert Payson Terhune.

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 4.—CLARA BARTON, Mother of the American Red Cross

**S**HE is best remembered as the "Mother of the American Red Cross." But long before she triumphantly planted the Red Cross banner on our shores she had already won our country's deathless gratitude.

Clara Barton was the American Florence Nightingale. The noble exploits wrought by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea were duplicated by Miss Barton in our own Civil War. She was a delicate little woman who had wrecked her frail health by school teaching and by responsibilities that no one woman could carry.

Yet, when the Civil War began she threw herself, heart and soul, into the task of nursing the wounded and bettering the condition of camp hospitals. She was at the front, toiling fearlessly amid shot and shell, at no less than sixteen of the conflict's fiercest battles.

When the Civil War ended Miss Barton found work to do which was still more needful. There was a tremendous throng of Union soldiers listed as "missing." More than 80,000 names were on this grim list—names of men whose friends could gain no definite news of them.

Miss Barton founded an inquiry bureau. All her own scant funds and more scant health and unfailing energy were enlisted in the task of finding some trace of the horde of missing men. For four

long years she toiled at this task, investigating the records of hospitals, war prisons and battlefields. Then her feeble health broke down completely. She was ordered to Europe for a rest. Her blazing spirit could not obey the weak body's demand for repose. And so the trip to Europe she planned out the work that has made her name immortal.

The Franco-Prussian War was on. Miss Barton enrolled herself as a nurse and as a general helper for the unfortunate. And here she came into active contact for the first time with the Red Cross.

At the Treaty of Geneva nearly every nation on earth had subscribed its name as a supporter of the new-formed Red Cross Society for the aid of war's sick and wounded and afflicted. But for some reason the United States had held aloof and had not signed the Treaty of Geneva. It was the only nation of any size that had not joined the Red Cross.

Miss Barton saw the wonderful work the new charity was performing on foreign fields and in foreign hospitals. She wrote later:

"I said to myself: 'If I live to return to my country I shall try to make my people understand the Red Cross and the Treaty of Geneva.'"

She kept her word, which was a way she had of doing. Back to America she came, to find herself facing a stone wall of opposition when she tried to interest our Government in the Red Cross.

"Why should we make provision for the wounded?" one official sneeringly asked her, in answer to her plea. "The United States will never have another war. We have learned our lesson!"

Yet, tirelessly, Miss Barton kept on. By sheer energy and genius she gradually won people over to her way of thinking. And—thanks entirely to her own mighty efforts—the United States (on March 1, 1882) signed the Treaty of Geneva.

The American National Red Cross was founded with Clara Barton as its first president. Not yet satisfied, Miss Barton continued her labors until the International Congress of Bern adopted the "American Amendment," which enlarged the activities of the Red Cross so that it was no longer confined merely to war relief.

By Miss Barton's new plan its splendid help was extended to cover such great peace-time calamities as famine, pestilence, fire and flood.

Millions of people had cause to bless "The Mother of the American Red Cross" or "Our Lady of the Red Cross," as Miss Barton was gratefully known. She lived to see her glorious charity grow into one of the mightiest and holiest forces in all national life.

To-day, on both sides of the gray Atlantic, the whole world has abundant cause to bless the hallowed name of Clara Barton.

**Bachelor Girl Reflections**

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

**I**N the love game most women have to choose between running a kindergarten and starting an almshouse for the sentimentally bankrupt.

There comes a time in every man's life when he knows exactly what kind of woman would make him perfectly happy—usually about a year after he has married the other kind.

Baizac declared that "A man should find all women in his wife!" Just like a man to imagine that he ought to get a whole harem, for the price of one wedding ring!

In the moving pictures the fascinating question is at Helen Rowland ways, "Will she succeed in escaping him?" In real life it is usually "Will she succeed in getting him?"

Nearly any sorrow in a woman's life can be alleviated at this time of year by a new and attractive hat; nearly any sorrow in man's can be cured by a new and attractive woman.

Nothing so annoys a married pair as to be interrupted in the beginning of a quarrel, just as they had started to brighten up a dull domestic evening that way.

Marriage is like playwriting. In order to make a success of it you have to be born with a special genius for it—yet there never was an amateur who hesitated to try it on that account.

The Daily Newspaper.—The great American bulwark behind which a man intrenches himself from gas attacks on his pocketbook or his character at breakfast, hides his boredom at dinner, and defends his religious inertia when his wife wants him to go to church on Sunday morning.

The average woman's love lasts until she gets tired of listening to a man talk about himself.

**Why Lightning Hits Certain Trees**

**T**HAT some kinds of trees are more likely to be struck by lightning than others, and for no apparent reason, is an old belief. The ancient Romans believed that mulberry, laurel, peach, larch and box trees were lightning proof. Not a few foresters of modern times are of the opinion that certain trees are more or less liable to destruction by lightning.

Foresters say that the tall cottonwood, with its rigid bark, is more apt to be struck than the lower beech and that in a great forest the taller trees are much more liable than the lower trees.

**SHE WAS NO PIKER.**  
**T**HE lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy. I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for \$500." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures—Cleveland Plain Dealer.